



UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COMMITTEE OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND EDUCATION,
APPOINTED BY THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

BOTANICAL DIVERSIONS.



THE GREAT SALCEY OAK.

Circumference at the ground, 46 feet 10 inches,—at one yard high, 39 feet 10 inches.—Estimated age, 1500 years.

To the natural historian no subject is more interesting than the still life memoirs of the vegetable world. He finds no retrospects more pleasing than those which relate to woodland scenes; no task more grateful than a contemplation of those vast 'inheritors of the earth,' which adorn and beautify our groves and lawns. Among forest annals, no tree affords so many fond, so many grand memorials as the oak; no object is more sublime than this stately plant; and yet, as Pontey truly says, 'even our mushrooms are tended with a nurse's care, while the oak, the pride of our woods, the chief material of our navy, and consequently the bulwark of our country, is (too often) left to thrive or rot by chance unheeded, if not forgotten.' So great, indeed, has been this apathy, so extraordinary the perverseness, which has prevailed on this subject, that the destruction of our forests has actually been regarded as a matter for exultation. In one of the returns from Suffolk to the Commissioners of Land Revenue, it is stated, that 'timber is decreased in the woods and hedge-rows, as it ought to be;' and in some of our agricultural reports, oak is disparagingly mentioned as 'the weed of the country.' Happy is it for us who love to roam in woodland scenery, that 'on thousands of acres' the oak has been looked upon as the mere weed of the country: for it is owing principally to this, that many fragments of our ancient woods have been suffered to escape the ravages of *improvement*. The reckless system of extermination which has been pursued from age to age has indeed so grievously thinned our forest lands, that of many celebrated woods scarcely any thing but the name exists. And so great has been the havoc committed among our largest and noblest trees, that

the wood-wards now consider oaks of three feet in diameter as first rates, and regard those that exceed four feet as monsters in size. Yet, notwithstanding all this rage for destruction; notwithstanding the fearful devastations which the last two centuries have witnessed, few civilized countries possess so many 'chieftain wonder trees' as our own. Perhaps no landscape feature is more missed by Englishmen abroad, especially when travelling through France, than those noble living monuments of past time, which like the woody patriarch here engraved, have given beauty to the land, and shelter to its inhabitants for many generations. This may probably be owing to the prejudice against the use of coal as fuel, which prevails so extensively abroad, and which leads to the condemnation of trees for firewood, when their carved trunks no longer fear the axe nor dread being converted into timber.

But Time hastens to destroy even what man would spare; and within our own recollection, and the lifetime of our fathers, many of the most aged and venerable trees, such as the Nannau, the Magdalen, the Fairlop, and others, have fallen beneath his scythe; and more wait but the 'little sickle of a moment' to cut them from the roll of things that are. Of some already gone we have preserved memorial sketches; and of others that are going, we propose transferring their figures to our pages: and we likewise design to accompany this series of our most celebrated trees with short historical accounts, such as can be collected either from written documents or oral traditions.

This is a point, however, on which there is in general much obscurity attendant. Seldom until extraordinary for age or size, do forest trees excite particular

attention; and how minute soever may be the notice of their decline, decay, and death, no chronicles are found of their early life. Of some, however, extensive memorials can be framed, but of these hereafter. Little is known of the GREAT SALCEY OAK, whose portrait we give above.

Major Rooke observes, it was perhaps the inland situation of the little forest of Salcey, ten miles from Northampton, that caused some of its majestic oaks to escape the axe, until age had secured them from the claims of the dock-yard; and of these the Great Salcey Oak is the most remarkable. Its circumference at bottom, where there are no projecting spurs, is forty-six feet ten inches; at one yard from the ground, thirty-nine feet ten inches; at two yards high, thirty-five feet nine inches; and at three yards, thirty-five feet: its circumference within the hollow of the trunk, near the ground, is twenty-nine feet; at one yard from the bottom, twenty-four feet seven inches; at two yards high, eighteen feet six inches; and at three yards from the ground, the circumference is sixteen feet two inches. Major Rooke figures this living cavern with an arched entrance on either side, closed with gates, thus forming an enclosure, in which cattle might be penned: and adds, 'From observations that have been made by naturalists on the longevity of the oak, there is reason to suppose that this tree is at least one thousand five hundred years old.'

Other oaks of this kind, though less remarkable for their size, are common in many parts of the country, and known as 'Bull Oaks' from these animals taking shelter within them, which when they are of smaller dimensions, they 'effect not by going in and turning round, but by retreating backwards into the cavity till the head alone projects at the aperture.' Mr. South describes one standing in the middle of a pasture and bearing the most venerable marks of antiquity, which gives a name compounded of itself and its situation to the farm on which it grows, viz. *Oak-ley Farm*; the hollow of this tree was long the favourite retreat of a bull. Twenty people, old and young, have crowded into it at the same time. A calf being shut up there for convenience, its dam, a two-year-old heifer constantly went in to suckle it, and left sufficient room within the trunk for milking her. It is supposed, adds he, to be near a thousand years old; the body is nothing but a shell, covered with burly protuberances; the upper part of the shaft is hollow like a chimney. It has been mutilated of all its limbs; but from their stumps arise a number of small branches, forming a bushy head, so remarkable for fertility, that in years of plenty it has produced two sacks of acorns in a season. It measures in the middle round the burls twenty-nine feet three inches, and is therefore little more than half the size of the noble Salcey Patriarch. Circumference round the stumps of the old arms thirty-one feet six inches, and in the smallest part between two and three feet from the ground, it is twenty-six feet in girth.

In the Bath Society's papers we find given the dimensions of another very grand Bull-oak, in Wedgenock park, Warwickshire; which measures at three feet from the ground, eleven yards one foot in circumference; at one foot above the ground, thirteen yards one foot; six feet from the ground, twelve yards one foot; broadest side, seven yards five inches; close to the ground, eighteen yards, one foot, seven inches; height of the trunk, only about four yards one foot. The inside quite decayed; and when the writer saw it, a cow and a sheep had sheltered themselves within it. The head was very round and flourishing.

Martyu mentions Fisher's oak, about seventeen miles from London, as a tree of enormous bulk, the

trunk alone remaining of above four fathoms in compass. When King James made a progress that way, a schoolmaster of the neighbourhood and all his scholars dressed in oaken garlands, came out of this tree in great numbers, and entertained the king with an oration. They have a tradition at Tunbridge that thirteen men on horseback were once sheltered within it.

THAN a tree, a grander child earth bears not.

What are the boasted monuments of man,

Imperial column, or triumphal arch,

To forests of immeasurable extent,

Which Time confirms, which centuries waste not?

Oaks gather strength for ages, and when at last

They wane, so beauteous in decrepitude,

So grand in weakness. E'en in their decay

So venerable! 'twere sacrilege t'escape

The consecrating touch of Time. Time saw

The blossom on the parent bough. Time watch'd

The acorn loosen from the spray. Time pass'd

While springing from its swaddling shell, yon Oak,

The cloud-crown'd monarch of our woods, by thorns

Environ'd, 'scaped the raven's bill, the tooth

Of goat and deer, the school-boy's knife, and sprang

A royal hero from his nurse's arms.

Time gave it seasons, and Time gave it years,

Agès bestow'd and centuries grudg'd not:

Time knew the sapling when gay summer's breath

Shook to the roots the infant oak, which after

Tempests moved not. Time hollowed in its trunk

A tomb for centuries; and buried there

The epochs of the rise and fall of states,

The fading generations of the world,

The memory of man.—*Amanitates Quernæe.*

TRAVELLING IN SPAIN.

[From *The Alhambra*, by WASHINGTON IRVING.]

MANY are apt to picture Spain to their imagination as a soft southern region, decked out with all the luxuriant charms of voluptuous Italy. On the contrary, though there are exceptions in some of the maritime provinces, yet, for the greater part, it is a stern melancholy country, with rugged mountains, and long sweeping plains, destitute of trees, and indescribably silent and lonesome, partaking of the savage and solitary character of Africa. What adds to this silence and loneliness is the absence of singing birds, a natural consequence of the want of groves and hedges. The vulture and the eagle are seen wheeling about the mountain cliffs, and soaring over the plains, and groups of shy bustards stalk about the heaths; but the myriads of smaller birds, which animate the whole face of other countries, are met with in but few provinces in Spain, and in those chiefly among the orchards and gardens which surround the habitations of man.

In the interior provinces the traveller occasionally traverses great tracts, cultivated with grain as far as the eye can reach, waving at times with verdure, at other times naked and sun-burnt, but he looks round in vain for the hand that has tilled the soil. At length he perceives some village on a steep hill, or rugged crag with mouldering battlements and ruined watch-tower; a strong hold, in olden times, against civil war or moorish inroad; for the custom among the peasantry of congregating together for mutual protection, is still kept up in most parts of Spain, in consequence of the maraudings of roving freebooters.

But though a great part of Spain is deficient in the garniture of groves and forests, and the softer charms of ornamental cultivation, yet its scenery has something of a high and lofty character to compensate the want. It partakes something of the attributes of its people; and I think that I better understand the proud, hardy, frugal and abstemious Spaniard, his manly defiance of hardships, and contempt of effeminate indulgences, since I have seen the country he inhabits.

There is something, too, in the sternly simple fea-

tures of the Spanish landscape, that impresses on the soul a feeling of sublimity. The immense plains of the Castiles and of La Mancha, extending as far as the eye can reach, derive an interest from their very nakedness and immensity, and have something of the solemn grandeur of the ocean. In ranging over these boundless wastes the eye catches sight here and there of a straggling herd of cattle attended by a lonely herdsman, motionless as a statue, with his long slender pike tapering up like a lance into the air; or beholds a long train of mules slowly moving along the waste like a train of camels in the desert; or a single herdsman, armed with a blunderbuss and stiletto, and prowling over the plain. Thus the country, the habits, the very looks of the people, have something of the Arabian character. The general insecurity of the country is evinced in the universal use of weapons. The herdsman in the field, the shepherd in the plain, has his musket and knife. The wealthy villager rarely ventures to the market town without his trabuco, (Spanish gun) and perhaps a servant on foot with a blunderbuss on his shoulder; and the most petty journey is undertaken with the preparation of a war-like enterprise.

The dangers of the road produce also a mode of travelling resembling, on a diminutive scale, the caravans of the east. The arrieros, or carriers, congregate in convoys, and set off in large and well armed trains on appointed days; while additional travellers swell their numbers and contribute to their strength. In this primitive way is the commerce of the country carried on. The muleteer is the general medium of traffic, and the legitimate traverser of the land, crossing the peninsula from the Pyrenees and the Asturias to the Alpujarras, the Serrania de Ronda, and even to the gates of Gibraltar. He lives frugally and hardily: his alforjas, of coarse cloth, hold his scanty stock of provisions; a leathern bottle, hanging at his saddle-bow, contains wine and water, for a supply across barren mountains and thirsty plains. A mule-cloth, spread upon the ground, is his bed at night, and his pack-saddle is his pillow. His low but clean-limbed and sinewy form betoken strength; his complexion is dark and sun-burnt; his eye resolute, but quiet in its expression, except when kindled by sudden emotion; his demeanour is frank, manly, and courteous, and he never passes you without a grave salutation: "Dios guarde a usted!" "Va usted con Dios, Caballero!" "God guard you!" "God be with you, Cavalier!"

As these men have often their whole fortune at stake upon the burthen of their mules, they have their weapons at hand, slung to their saddles, and ready to be snatched out for desperate defence. But their united numbers render them secure against petty bands of marauders, and the solitary bandolero, armed to the teeth, and mounted on his Andalusian steed, hovers about them, like a pirate about a merchant convoy, without daring to make an assault.

The Spanish muleteer has an inexhaustible stock of songs and ballads, with which to beguile his incessant wayfaring. The airs are rude and simple, consisting of but few inflections. These he chaunts forth with a loud voice, and long, drawling cadence, seated sideways on his mule, who seems to listen with infinite gravity, and to keep time, with his paces, to the tune. The couplets thus chaunted, are often old traditional romances about the Moors, or some legend of a saint, or some love ditty; or, what is still more frequent, some ballad about a bold contrabandista, or hardy bandolero, for the smuggler and the robber are poetical heroes among the common people of Spain. Often the song of the muleteer is composed at the instant, and relates to some local scene, or some incident of

the journey. This talent of singing and improvising is frequent in Spain, and it is said to have been inherited from the Moors. There is something wildly pleasing in listening to these ditties, among the rude and lonely scenes that they illustrate; accompanied, as they are, by the occasional jingle of the mule-bell.

It has a most picturesque effect also to meet a train of muleteers in some mountain pass. First you hear the bells of the leading mules, breaking with their simple melody the stillness of the airy height; or, perhaps, the voice of the muleteer admonishing some tardy or wandering animal, or chaunting, at the full stretch of his lungs, some traditionary ballad. At length you see the mules slowly winding along the craggy defile, sometimes descending precipitous cliffs, so as to present themselves in full relief against the sky; sometimes toiling up the deep arid chasms below you. As they approach you descry their gay decorations of worsted tufts, tassels, and saddle-cloths, while, as they pass by, the ever-ready trabuco slung behind the packs and saddles, gives a hint of the insecurity of the road.

WHAT is true knowledge?—Is it with keen eye
Of lucre's sons to thread the mazy way?
Is it of civic rights, and royal sway,
And wealth political, the depths to try?
Is it to delve the earth, or soar the sky;
To marshal nature's tribes in just array;
To mix, and analyse, and mete, and weigh
Her elements, and all her powers descry?
These things, who will may know them, if to know
Breed not vain-glory: but o'er all to scan
God, in his works and word shewn forth below;
Creation's wonders; and Redemption's plan;
Whence came we; what to do; and whither go:
This is true knowledge, and "the whole of man."
D. C.

It is the prerogative of GENIUS to confer a measure of itself upon inferior intelligences. In reading the works of Milton, Bacon, and Newton, thoughts greater than the growth of our own minds are transplanted into them; and feelings more profound, sublime, or comprehensive, are insinuated amidst our ordinary train; while in the eloquence with which they are clothed, we learn a new language, worthy of the new ideas created in us. Of how much pure and exalted enjoyment is he ignorant, who never entertained, as angels, the bright emanations of loftier intellects than his own? By habitual communion with superior spirits, we not only are enabled to think their thoughts, speak their dialect, feel their emotions, but our own thoughts are refined, our scanty language is enriched, our common feelings are elevated; and though we may never attain their standard, yet, by keeping company with them, we shall rise above our own; as trees, growing in the society of a forest, are said to draw each other up into shapely and stately proportion, while field and hedge-row stragglers, exposed to all weathers, never reach their full stature, luxuriance or beauty.—
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

HUMMING BIRDS.—Some idea may be formed of the advances which have been made in zoological pursuits of late years, (especially since the immense continent of the New World has been opened to European research) by the following fact. Goldsmith, in his *Animated Nature*, speaking of the humming bird, says: "Of this charming little animal there are six or seven varieties, from the size of a small wren, down to that of an humble bee." There are at this moment in the possession of the eminent nurseryman, Mr. Loddiges of Hackney, no less than one hundred and seventy distinct species of this "charming little animal."



WILD SPORTS OF THE EAST.

WE are indebted for the materials of this article, and for the engraving by which it is illustrated, to CAPTAIN MUNDY'S work just published by Mr. Murray, entitled *Pen and Pencil Sketches of India*.—The gallant author opens his preface with a quotation from a British sage, who has pronounced, that "every man who will take the trouble of describing in simple language the scenes of which he has been a spectator, can afford an instructing and amusing narrative." Captain Mundy has most completely verified this observation; for, by reciting, in the simple terms of a travelling journal, merely what he saw and what he did, in the course of his journey, he has produced two delightful volumes: nor must we omit to speak, in terms of admiration, of the spirited etchings by Landseer, from the author's own sketches, with which these volumes are liberally illustrated.

From the very commencement, it is evident that Capt. Mundy has, in at least an average degree, an Englishman's attachment to field-sports, to scenes of which the plates are principally devoted; and his descriptions of the gigantic huntings of the East, where the elephant is the courser, and the tiger or lion the prey, are given with a vivid pen, and all the raciness of a real amateur.

From amongst numerous descriptions of TIGER HUNTS, we select the following, as giving the most detailed account of that dangerous and adventurous sport.

"At four, P.M. (so late an hour that few of us expected any sport) Lord Combermere and nine others of our party, mounted elephants, and taking twenty pad elephants to beat the covert, and carry the guides and the game, proceeded towards the swamp pointed out as the lurking-place of the buffalo-devouring monsters.

"The jungle was in no places very high, there being but few trees, and a fine thick covert of grass and rushes. Every thing was favourable for the sport. Few of us, however, expecting to find a tiger, another man and myself dismounted from our elephants, to get a shot at a florikan, a bird of the bustard tribe, which we killed. It afterwards proved that there were

two tigers within an hundred paces of the spot where we were walking. We beat for half an hour steadily in line, and I was just beginning to yawn in despair, when my elephant suddenly raised his trunk, and trumpeted several times, which my Mahout (elephant driver) informed me was a sure sign that there was a tiger somewhere 'between the wind and our nobility.' The formidable line of thirty elephants, therefore, brought up their left shoulders, and beat slowly on to windward.

"We had gone about three hundred yards in this direction, and had entered a swampy part of the jungle, when suddenly the long wished for 'Tallyho!' saluted our ears, and a shot from Capt. M. confirmed the sporting eureka! The tiger answered the shot with a loud roar, and boldly charged the line of elephants. Then occurred the most ridiculous but most provoking scene possible. Every elephant except Lord Combermere's, (which was a known staunch one) turned tail, in spite of all the blows and imprecations heartily bestowed upon them by the mahouts. One, less expeditious in his retreat than the others, was overtaken by the tiger, and severely torn in the hind leg; while another, even more alarmed, we could distinguish flying over the plain, till he quite sunk below the horizon. The tiger, in the meanwhile, advanced to attack his lordship's elephant, but, being wounded in the loins by Capt. M.'s shot, failed in his spring, and shrunk back among the rushes. My elephant was one of the first of the run-aways to return to action; and when I ran up alongside of Lord Combermere, (whose heroic animal had stood like a rock) he was quite *hors du combat*, having fired all his broadside. I handed him a gun, and we poured a volley of four barrels upon the tiger, who attempting again to charge, fell from weakness. Several shots more were expended upon him before he dropped dead; upon which we gave a good hearty 'whoop! whoop!' and stowed him upon a pad elephant. As Lord Combermere had for some minutes alone sustained the attack of the tiger, a three-quarters grown male, the *spolia opima* were duly awarded to him.

"Having loaded and re-formed line, we again ad-

vanced, and after beating for half-an-hour, I saw the grass gently moved about one hundred yards in front of me; and soon after, a large tiger reared his head and shoulders above the jungle, as if to reconnoitre us. I tally-ho'd, and the whole line rushed forward. On arriving at the spot, two tigers broke covert, and cantered quietly across an open space of ground. Several shots were fired, one of which slightly touched the largest of them, who immediately turned round, and roaring furiously and lashing his tail, came bounding towards us; but, apparently alarmed by the formidable line of elephants, he suddenly stopped short, and turned into the jungle again, followed by us at full speed. Those who had the fastest elephants had now the best of the sport, and when he turned to fight, (which he soon did) only three of us were up. As soon as he faced about, he attempted to spring on Capt. M.'s elephant, but was stopped by a shot in the chest. Two or three more shots brought him on his knees, and the noble beast fell dead in a last attempt to charge. He was a full-grown male, and a very fine animal. Near the spot where we found him, were discovered the well-picked remains of a buffalo.

"One of the sportsmen had, in the meantime, kept the smaller tiger in view, and we soon followed to the spot to which he had been marked. It was a thick marshy covert of broad flag leaves, and we had to beat through it twice, and were beginning to think of giving it up as the light was waning, when Capt. P.'s elephant, which was lagging in the rear, suddenly uttered a shrill cry, and came rushing out of the swamp, with the tiger hanging by his teeth to the upper part of its tail! Capt. P.'s situation was perplexing enough, his elephant making the most violent efforts to shake off his back-biting foe, and himself unable to use his gun, for fear of shooting the unfortunate Coolie, who, frightened out of his wits, was standing behind the howdah, with his feet in the crupper, within six inches of the tiger's head. We soon flew to his aid, and quickly shot the tiger, who, however, did not quit his gripe until he had received eight balls; when he dropped off the poor elephant's mangled tail quite dead. The elephant only survived ten days, but it was shrewdly suspected that his more mortal wounds were inflicted by some of the sportsmen who were over-zealous to rid him of his troublesome hanger-on.

"Thus in about two hours, and within sight of camp, we found and slew three tigers, a piece of good fortune rarely to be met with in these modern times, when the spread of cultivation, and the zeal of English sportsmen, have almost exterminated the breed of these animals. Four other sportsmen of our party returned to camp this evening, having been out for four days in a different direction, they only killed one tiger, but he was an immense beast, and was shot on the head of Colonel F.'s elephant, which he wounded severely. This is considered the acme of tiger shooting."

Capt. Mundy had not the fortune to fall in with a Lion; his account however of an adventure which befel one of his friends, illustrated by the print which accompanies this article, will be read with great interest.

"By crack sportsmen the lion is reputed to afford better sport than the tiger: his attack is more open and certain; a peculiarity arising either from the noble nature of the Jungle King, or from the country he haunts being less favourable for a retreat than the thick swampy morasses frequented by the tiger. Col. Skinner relates many interesting anecdotes of lion-hunts, with the exploits and narrow escapes of the horsemen of his corps, who always accompanied the line of elephants into the jungle on these occasions.

"A gentleman of our party had, perhaps, as perilous an adventure with one of these animals as any one, he

having enjoyed the singular distinction of lying for some moments in the very clutches of the royal quadruped. Though I have heard him recount the incident more than once, and have myself sketched the scene, yet I am not sure that I relate it correctly. The main feature, however, of the anecdote, affording so striking an illustration of the sagacity of the elephant, may be strictly depended upon.

"A lion charged my hero's elephant, and he, having wounded him, was in the act of leaning forward in order to fire another shot, when the front of the howdah suddenly gave way, and he was precipitated over the head of the elephant into the very jaws of the furious beast. The lion though severely hurt, immediately seized him, and would doubtless shortly have put a fatal termination to the conflict, had not the elephant, urged by his mahout, stepped forward, though greatly alarmed, and grasping in her trunk the top of a young tree, bent it down across the loins of the lion, and thus forced the tortured animal to quit his hold! My friend's life was thus saved, but his arm was broken in two places, and he was severely clawed on the breast and shoulders."

SIR ISAAC NEWTON,

THE most distinguished philosopher of modern times, was born in the manor-house of Woolsthorpe, a hamlet of Colstersworth, in Lincolnshire, situated six miles south of Grantham, and about a mile west of the great road from London to the North. The house stands in a pretty little hollow, on the west side of the valley of the river Witham, which rises at a short distance. This was the paternal estate of Newton, and here he was brought up and educated by his widowed mother.



[View of the house in which Newton was born.]

"Every memorial of so great a man," says Dr. Brewster, in his *Life of Newton*, "has been preserved and cherished with peculiar veneration. His house at Woolsthorpe has been religiously protected by Mr. Turnor of Stoke Rocheford, the proprietor. Dr. Stukeley, who visited it in Sir Isaac's lifetime on the 13th October 1721, gives the following description of it in his letter to Dr. Mead, written in 1727: 'Tis built of stone, as is the way of the country hereabouts, and a reasonable good one. They led me up stairs and showed me Sir Isaac's study, where I suppose he studied when in the country in his younger days, or perhaps when he visited his mother from the university. I observed the shelves were of his own making, being pieces of deal boxes which probably he sent his books and clothes down in on those occasions. There were some years ago two or three hundred books in it of his father-in-law, Mr. Smith, which Sir Isaac gave to Dr. Newton of our town.'

"When the house was repaired in 1798, a tablet of white marble was put up by Mr. Turnor in the room where Sir Isaac was born, with the following inscription:—

"Sir Isaac Newton, son of John Newton, Lord of the Manor of Woolsthorpe, was born in this room on the 25th December, 1642."

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night,
God said "Let Newton be," and all was Light.

"The following lines have been written upon the house:—

Here Newton dawn'd, here lovely wisdom woke,
And to a wondering world divinely spoke.
If Tully glowed, Phædrus's steps he trode,
Or fancy formed Philosophy a God;
If sages still for Homer's birth contend
The sons of Science at this dome must bend.
All hail the shrine! All hail the natal day,
Cam boasts his noon,—This Cot his morning ray.

"The house is now occupied by a person of the name of John Wollerton. It still contains the two dials made by Newton, but the styles of both are wanting. The celebrated apple tree, the fall of one of the apples of which is said to have turned the attention of Newton to the subject of gravity, was destroyed by wind about four years ago; but Mr. Turnor has preserved it in the form of a chair.

"The modesty of Sir Isaac Newton, in reference to his great discoveries, was not founded on any indifference to the fame which they conferred, or upon any erroneous judgment of their importance to science. The whole of his life proves, that he knew his place as a philosopher, and was determined to assert and vindicate his rights. His modesty arose from the depth and extent of his knowledge, which showed him what a small portion of nature he had been able to examine, and how much remained to be explored in the same field in which he had himself laboured. In the magnitude of the comparison he recognized his own littleness; and a short time before his death he uttered this memorable sentiment: 'I do not know what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.' What a lesson to the vanity and presumption of philosophers,—to those especially who have never even found the smoother pebble or the prettier shell! What a preparation for the latest inquiries, and the last views of the decaying spirit,—for those inspired doctrines which alone can throw a light over the dark ocean of undiscovered truth!

"The native simplicity of Sir Isaac Newton's mind is finely portrayed in the affecting letter in which he acknowledges to Locke, that he had thought and spoken of him uncharitably; and the humility and candour in which he asks forgiveness, could have emanated only from a mind as noble as it was pure.

"In the religious and moral character of our author there is much to admire and imitate. While he exhibited in his life and writings an ardent regard for the general interests of religion, he was at the same time a firm believer in Revelation. He was too deeply versed in the Scriptures, and too much imbued with their spirit, to judge harshly of other men who took different views of them from himself. He cherished the great principles of religious toleration, and never scrupled to express his abhorrence of persecution, even in its mildest form. Immorality and impiety he never permitted to pass unproved; and when Dr. Halley ventured to say any thing disrespectful to religion, he invariably checked him, and said, "I have studied these things,—you have not."

SAINT SWITHUN'S DAY.

[July 15th.]

THE circumstance of St. Swithun's name occurring in the Calendar of our Church, has given much satisfaction to PINIUS, who wrote the commentary upon his life in the *Acta Sanctorum*; and if what has been recorded of the character of St. Swithun be true, we have good reason to be proud of his having lived among us, and for retaining his name in the remembrance of our countrymen.

The chroniclers of the church of Rome tell us that St. Swithun was of noble parentage, passed his youth in innocent simplicity, in the study of grammar, philosophy, and the Holy Scriptures; and that when he was promoted to holy orders, he was an accomplished model of all virtues. His learning, piety, and prudence, induced Egbert, king of the West Saxons, to make him his priest, and to appoint him tutor to his son Ethelwolf. When Ethelwolf succeeded to the throne, he governed his kingdom in ecclesiastical matters by the prudent advice of his former tutor, whom he caused to be elected bishop of Winchester.*

William of Malmesbury says, "Though this good bishop was a rich treasure of all virtues, those in which he took most delight were humility and charity to the poor; and that in the discharge of his episcopal functions he omitted nothing belonging to the true pastor. He built divers churches and repaired others; his mouth was always open to invite sinners to repentance, and to admonish those who stood to be aware of falling. He was most severe to himself, and abstemious in his mode of living. He delighted in spiritual exercises, and in conversation would bear no discourse that did not tend to edification."

Of the man who thus adorned and blessed the church in his generation she may be truly proud, and if gratitude would suffer his name to be omitted in her calendar, the interest of religion would retain it. The name of St. Swithun therefore still adorns it,—a monument of virtue, piety, and wisdom.

He died on the 2nd day of July, 864, his body being buried by his own order in the church-yard, in order that his grave might be trodden by passers-by. Had the history of this virtuous and pious prelate here been closed, justice would have been done to his memory, and his name been retained in the remembrance of his countrymen with those feelings of respect to which he was so eminently entitled. But an over-strained anxiety to do honour to his memory, has, by the imputation of incredible wonders to the virtue of his relics, cast a shade of ridicule upon him; and he is now only known among us as a weather-gage, which is still preserved for its antiquity and our amusement.

Upon the removal of his body from the church-yard to the church, or, in the language of the monk of Malmesbury, "upon the translation of his relics," on the 15th of July, 964, "such a number of miraculous cures of all kinds were wrought as was never in the memory of man known to have been in any other place." Doubtless he speaks the truth; for not only does the catalogue exceed the powers of memory, but even the stretch of imagination.

The narrators of the traditions relative to St. Swithun, disagree in their accounts of the miracles they impute to the virtue of his relics; though they vie with each other in a desire to magnify the importance and

* "This church was first dedicated to the Holy Trinity under the patronage of St. Peter, afterwards by St. Ethelwold, in the presence of king Etheldred, St. Dunstan, and eight other bishops, to St. Swithun, as Rudburn relates in 980. King Henry VIII. in 1540 commanded this cathedral to be called no longer St. Swithun's but of the Holy Trinity."

to increase the number of the miraculous performances fabulously imputed to him. We have, however, the following imperfect summary in the commentary on his life. "Upon the day of the translation of his relics, a boy, whose limbs had been contracted from his youth, was made whole. A woman who was imprisoned and bound in fetters was set free. A paralytic person was healed; a noble matron and three other women who were blind, were restored to sight. Twenty-five men afflicted with various diseases, were perfectly restored in one day; six and thirty sick persons coming from different places were cured within three days; and one hundred and twenty four within fourteen."

The virtue ascribed to his relics was even claimed for his statue; and further, the following legend was put forth to shew that the miraculous power of the saint was not confined to those places wherein his relics were deposited and his form exhibited.

"A certain woman," says the veracious historian, "sleeping in a house in the city of Winchester, with her door open, a wolf took her out of bed and carried her into a wood, where with dreadful howling he called other wolves to him. The woman weak from fasting and age knew not what to do, but turned herself to her prayers, invoked divine assistance and called loudly on St. Swithun. No sooner did the wolf hear this same name than he fell asleep; the woman immediately withdrew herself from him, and the animal awaking pursued her with his companions, but was incapable of hurting her whom the mercy of God and the holy bishop had undertaken to set free."

How the vulgar notion that St. Swithun exercised an influence over the weather originated it is difficult to say, for the writers who professed to give his authentic history, make no mention of the circumstance. The legend, however, whatever be its origin, is as follows:

The clergy considering it to be disgraceful that the body of the saint whose miracles were as innumerable as the sand upon the sea shore, or as the drops in the ocean, should lie in the open church-yard, resolved to remove it into the choir. This was to have been done with a procession of great solemnity upon the 15th of July. The saint, however, by no means approved of this officious interference,—and in order to prevent such a violation of the orders given in his life-time, miraculously caused it to rain so heavily on that day, and for the following forty days, as to render the attempt impossible, and it was consequently abandoned as heretical and blasphemous.

The circumstances attending this reputed miraculous interference of St. Swithun, shews the degree of credit and authority to which monkish tradition is entitled. Legend contradicts legend; and the popular influence of the more recent one swallows up without reserve a whole host of predecessors. To believe both is impossible: to believe either unwarrantable: and if the cause of truth did not compel us to reject a guide so fallacious as tradition here appears, we must do so as the friends of virtue and religion. The history of a wise and exemplary prelate has been defaced, its salutary influence upon society destroyed; and a record which was designed to be an example of life and instruction in manners is converted into a worse than profitless superstition.

ON BREAD.

[Abridged from M'Culloch's Dictionary of Commerce.]

BREAD, the principal article in the food of most civilised nations, consists of a paste or dough formed of the flour or meal of different sorts of grain mixed with water, and baked. When stale dough or yeast

is added to the fresh dough, to make it swell, it is said to be *leavened*; when nothing of this sort is added, it is said to be *unleavened*.

The President de Goguet has endeavoured, with his usual sagacity and learning, to trace the successive steps by which it is probable men were led to discover the art of making bread; but nothing positive is known on the subject. It is certain, however, from the statements in the sacred writings, that the use of unleavened bread was common in the days of Abraham; and that leavened bread was used in the time of Moses, for he prohibits eating the Paschal lamb with such bread. The Greeks affirmed that Pan had instructed them in the art of making bread; but they no doubt were indebted for this art, as well as for their knowledge of agriculture, to the Egyptians and Phœnicians, who had early settled in their country. The method of grinding corn by hand-mills was practised in Egypt and Greece from a very remote epoch; but for a lengthened period the Romans had no other method of making flour, than by beating roasted corn in mortars. The Macedonian war helped to make the Romans acquainted with the arts and refinements of Greece; and Pliny mentions, that public bakers were then, for the first time, established in Rome. The conquests of the Romans diffused, amongst many other useful discoveries, a knowledge of the art of preparing bread, as practised in Rome, through the whole south of Europe.

The use of yeast in the raising of bread, seems, however, to have been practised by the Germans and Gauls before it was practised by the Romans; the latter, like the Greeks, having leavened their bread by intermixing the fresh dough with that which had become stale. The Roman practice seems to have superseded that which was previously in use in France and Spain; for the art of raising bread by an admixture of yeast was not practised in France in modern times till towards the end of the seventeenth century. It deserves to be mentioned, that though the bread made in this way was decidedly superior to that previously in use, it was declared, by the faculty of medicine in Paris, to be prejudicial to health; and the use of yeast was prohibited under the severest penalties! Luckily, however, the taste of the public concurring with the interest of the bakers, proved too powerful for these absurd regulations, which fell gradually into disuse; and yeast has long been, almost everywhere, used in preference to any thing else in the manufacture of bread, to the wholesomeness and excellence of which it has not a little contributed.

The species of bread in common use in a country depends partly on the taste of the inhabitants, but more on the sort of grain suitable for its soil. But the superiority of wheat to all other farinaceous plants in the manufacture of bread is so very great, that wherever it is easily and successfully cultivated, wheaten bread is used to the nearly total exclusion of most others. Where, however, the soil or climate is less favourable to its growth, rye, oats, &c. are used in its stead. A very great change for the better has, in this respect, taken place in Great Britain within the last century. In the reign of Henry VIII, the gentry had wheat sufficient for their own tables, but their household and poor neighbours were usually obliged to content themselves with rye, barley, and oats. In 1596, rye bread and oatmeal formed a considerable part of the diet of servants even in great families, in the southern counties. Barley bread is stated in the grant of a monopoly by Charles I. in 1626, to be the usual food of the ordinary sort of people. At the revolution, the wheat produced in England and Wales was estimated to amount to

1,750,000 quarters. Mr. Charles Smith, the very well informed author of the Tracts on the Corn Trade, originally published in 1758, states, that in his time wheat had become much more generally the food of the common people than it had been in 1689; but he adds, that notwithstanding this increase, some very intelligent inquirers were of opinion, that even then not more than *half* the people of England fed on wheat. Mr. Smith's own estimate, which is very carefully drawn up, is a little higher; for taking the population of England and Wales, in 1760, at 6,000,000, he supposed that

3,750,000	were consumers of wheat.
739,000	barley.
888,000	rye.
623,000	oats.

Mr. Smith further supposed that they individually consumed, the first class, 1 quarter of wheat; the second, 1 quarter and 3 bushels of barley; the third, 1 quarter and 1 bushel of rye; and the fourth, 2 quarters and 7 bushels of oats.

About the middle of last century, hardly any wheat was used in the northern counties of England. In Cumberland, the principal families used only a small quantity about Christmas. The crust of the goose-pie, with which almost every table in the county is then supplied, was, at the period referred to, almost uniformly made of barley meal.

Every one knows how inapplicable these statements are to the condition of the people of England at the present time. Loaf-bread is now universally made use of in towns and villages, and almost universally in the country. Barley is no longer used, except in the distilleries and in brewing; oats are employed only in the feeding of horses; and the consumption of rye bread is comparatively inconsiderable. The produce of the wheat crops has been, at the very least, *trebled* since 1760. And if to this immense increase in the supply of wheat, we add the still more extraordinary increase in the supply of butchers' meat, the fact of a very signal improvement having taken place in the condition of the population, in respect of food, will be obvious.

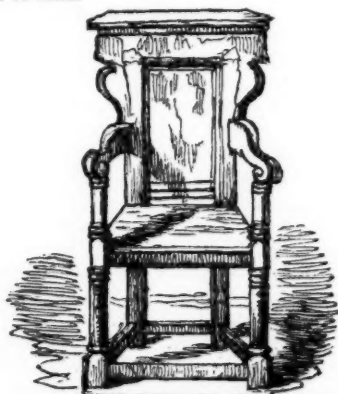
But great as has been the improvement in the condition of the people of England since 1760, it is but trifling compared to the improvement that has taken place, since the same period, in the condition of the people of Scotland. At the middle of last century, Scotch agriculture was in the most depressed state; the tenants were destitute alike of capital and skill; green crops were almost wholly unknown; and the quantity of wheat that was raised was quite inconsiderable. A field of eight acres sown with this grain, in the vicinity of Edinburgh, in 1727, was reckoned so great a curiosity that it excited the attention of the whole neighbourhood! But even so late as the American war, the wheat raised in the Lothians and Berwickshire did not exceed a third part of what is now grown in them; and taking the whole country at an average, it will be a moderate estimate, to say that the cultivation of wheat has increased in a *tenfold* proportion since 1780. At that period no loaf-bread was to be met with in the country places and villages of Scotland; *out cakes* and *barley bannocks* being universally made use of. But at present the case is widely different. The upper and also the middle and lower classes in towns and villages use only wheaten bread, and even in farm-houses it is very extensively consumed. There is, at this moment, hardly a village to be met with, however limited its extent, that has not a public baker.

In many parts of England it is the custom for pri-

vate families to bake their own bread. This is particularly the case in Kent, and in some parts of Lancashire. In 1804, there was not a single public baker in Manchester; and their number is still very limited.

WICKLIFFE'S CHAIR.

THE chair here represented is that in which Wickliffe, the great precursor of the Reformation, expired.* It is still preserved in Lutterworth Church, together with the pulpit from which he was accustomed to preach, a piece of his cloak, and an oak table which belonged to him.



Had Lutterworth nothing else to distinguish it, its name would be indelibly recorded in history as having had for its rector this eminent man—eminent not only as the great forerunner of the Reformation, but as a devout and sincere Christian. "The imperfect justice," says Mr. Le Bas, in his splendid life of this great man, "hitherto rendered to the memory of Wickliffe, as a man of deep religious affections, may, in part, be the effect of that peculiar interest which attaches to his character as the antagonist of a corrupt hierarchy. We have been accustomed to regard him chiefly as the scourge of imposture—the ponderous hammer that smote the brazen idolatry of his age.... The Reformer of Christian morals has been forgotten in the Reformer of papal abuse: and thus his memory has been left open to the suggestion that he is to be honored as the antagonist of popery, not as the advocate of Christ,—fitted to join with politicians, and with princes in their resistance to encroachment, rather than to band (as he ought to be joined) with saints and confessors in bearing testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus."

* "Admirable," says Fuller, "that a hare so often hunted with so many packs of dogs should die at last, quietly sitting in his form."

ERRATUM.

No. I. page 6, col. 2, line 7, of the article on the figure 9, for (viz. 45) read (viz. 405.) This error occurs only in a few of the early copies.

THE COMMITTEE OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND EDUCATION.

In compliance with the recommendation contained in the Report read at the Special General Meeting of the SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE, held on the 21st of May, have made arrangements for the publication of a Series of Works on Education, History, Biography, Natural History, the Elements of the Sciences, &c. particulars of which will speedily be announced.

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